

To: Honorable Judge Ross:
U.S. District court, Eastern District of Missouri

My name is Harry Albert Trueblood Jr. and I am writing you this letter to tell you a little about my self and who I am.

I grew up on a farm near Robertsville, Missouri, with four brother and two sisters, and myself being the youngest of the Seven.

My parents where good decent hard working people and loved all us kids. I learned Christian values at our Baptist church and was baptized in it. I grew up working on our farm and helping other farmers in the area working for them to make a few extra dollars. I graduated from Pacific High school at age of 17 and moved to the St Louis in search of employment, so I could start a life for myself. I work various factory and construction type jobs for a few years and then started my own Landscaping business and got married.

I worked that for 5 years and then after being injured in a motorcycle accident and hurting by back, I finally came to the conclusion that I wasn't going to be able to work that hard to make a living and sold my business, and rented some motivational tapes from the library and taught myself how to be a sales representative.

I worked for an appliance company for few years, but didn't like working Sundays so I found a job selling cars and did that for the next 38 years. I worked my way up the ladder to management and was at one time the dealer principal/ General manager. I had two sons while married, that I love dearly and worked hard to put them through private school, and give them the best opportunity to succeed in life. Unfortunately, my marriage didn't last, and after 32 years, my wife left me. I spent a few years soul searching wondering how my life changed after all those years, and my best conclusion was as much as you would like to blame someone else, I feel that you have to look at yourself and accept just as much blame. I have always thought of myself as a good person, and if you ask anyone that really knows me, I think they would give you a good account of me. I have always been the one to help others, I have taught bible study in my church, and seem to always root for the underdog.

I never thought in my lifetime I would be standing in front of a Judge and becoming a convicted felon at the age of 69, but yet here I am. Since my arrest I have wondered how and why I got myself in such a bad situation. The best I can figure is I had a good friend pass away and he had a small gun collection, and his children asked me to help dispose of them since they didn't know anything about firearms. Since their father was my good friend I agreed, and sold the guns for them. I was just recently retired and found it fun talking to other people about guns and being a sales person. I found that they where easy for me to sell. My retirement income wasn't stretching as far as I needed it to pay all my bills and I just seem to gravitate to selling guns, and it allowed me to enhance my personal collection as well. But as it turned out it was a bad choice and I regret my decisions to do so. I have worried if anyone has hurt someone else with a gun I sold. I have had two calls from different police departments on guns confiscated. I did have records too whom I sold them to and cooperated fully with them to show who purchased them. Unfortunately, we have different state laws verses federal laws and not being an attorney, I found that I was in violation of federal law and was arrested and charged. I find that I am responsible for breaking the law and have fully conceded that I am solely responsible and have given a guilty plea and accept those responsibilities what ever they may be.

Since my arrest I have taken a job to earn extra income to be able to pay my bills, and plan to work as long as my health will allow me to do so. It feels good to be back in the work force, even if the job just pays over minimum wage, I feel productive and my mind is not idle. I hope to pay off my creditors and live a productive life from here on out.

Best regards
Harry Trueblood